

Price, 25 Cents

# Pumpkin Pie Peter

BY

MARIE IRISH

PAINE PUBLISHING COMPANY

DAYTON, OHIO

## MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS

These songs can be used in all manner of entertainments. The music is easy and both music and words are especially catchy. Children like them. Everybody likes them. Sheet music. Price, 35 cents each.

**HERE'S TO THE LAND OF THE STARS AND THE STRIPES.** (Bugbee-Worrell.) A patriotic song which every child should know and love. The sentiment is elevating. The music is martial and inspiring. May be effectively sung by the entire school. Suitable for any occasion and may be sung by children or grown-ups. Be the first to use this song in your community.

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**WE HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR SMILES ALONG.** (Worrell.) A welcome song that will at once put the audience in a joyous frame of mind and create a happy impression that will mean half the success of your entire program. Words, bright and inspiring. Music, catchy. A sure hit for your entertainment.

**WE'LL NOW HAVE TO SAY GOOD-BYE.** (Worrell.) This beautiful song has snap and go that will appeal alike to visitors and singers. It is just the song to send your audience home with happy memories of the occasion.

# Pumpkin Pie Peter

A Thanksgiving Play  
for Intermediate Grades

BY

MARIE IRISH

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PS635  
129I6836

## CHARACTERS

MRS. BASS.

MARY, }  
IDA, } her children.  
PETER, }  
EDWARD, }

JANE, the maid.

MR.S. BATES, a neighbor.

JACK, a neighbor.

Uncle Sim.

WEARY, }  
HANK, } tramps.

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# Pumpkin Pie Peter

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*Scene, the Bass home.*

*Discovered, Mrs. Bass and the children.*

MRS. BASS—Of course I am sorry I have to go away just at Thanksgiving time, but my mother needs me and I ought to go. You will get along all right and things could be a lot worse.

PETER—But we won't have a good dinner with you gone on Thanksgiving day.

MRS. BASS—You'll have enough. There is something to Thanksgiving besides eating—you can be thankful for your blessings. That is what Thanksgiving was started for.

EDWARD—Yes, but the Pilgrims had an awful big feast with their Thanksgiving—it lasted for two days. I bet they got well filled up.

IDA—I think it's mean that gran'ma sent for you just at Thanksgiving time. What'd she get hurt for?

MRS. BASS—Ida Bass, do you spose your gran'ma fell an' broke her arm just for fun?

EDWARD—She's got a queer idea of fun if she did (*giggles*).

## PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

MRS. BASS—Now you children stop fussing. Jane will see that you get enough to eat. I want you to behave well while I'm gone and don't get into mischief and don't set fire to the house or get sick and don't be saucy to Jane. Remember all the things you have to be thankful for and I'll come home as soon as I can.

PETER—Have you got something baked up for our Thanksgiving dinner?

MRS. BASS—I made two pun'kin pies this morning. Jane will do the rest of the baking.

PETER—I'm thankful the pun'kin pies are made—I sure do love 'em.

EDWARD—No, you don't miss the rest of the feast if you have plenty of pun'kin pie.

MARY (*pointing finger*)—Peter, Peter, pun'kin pie eater!

PETER (*dancing about*)—Some folks like roast turkey, some for cranberies sigh, but gimme on Thanksgiving my fill of pun'kin pie!

MRS. BASS—It is getting toward train time. We'll all get our things on and you can help me carry my satchels and bundles to the station. Let's move spry; I mustn't miss the train (*all exeunt*).

*Enter Jane*

JANE—This makes me good an' tired—her goin' off just at Thanksgivin' time an' leavin' me all the work to do (*looks around in disgust, hands on hips*). Land-sakes-a-me,

## PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

look at the dirt them boys tracked in (*points*). Spose I got to sweep it up (*goes out grumbling and returns with broom and dust tin*). 'Taint no swell job, livin' with a pack of young ones that's allus makin' work (*brushes up*). Little I have to be thankful for (*sighs and sits down dejectedly*). Land-sakes-a-me, I wish I could go home for Thanksgivin' (*pulls letter from pocket and looks it through*). They're goin' to have Uncle Ezry's folks over an' there's goin' to be a big dance at night. Jerry Skaggs would be awful glad to see me (*sighs*). Land-sakes-a-me, I've a good notion to go! (*rises*). I—I—don't see why I can't (*thinks*). I can tell Mis' Bates to look after the children an' they'll be all right. I'll tell 'em I'm sick, 'cause I'm jes' awful homesick, an' Jerry Skaggs is the one that'll cure me of it (*hunts around, finds pencil and a piece of paper; sits and laboriously writes a note*). There, that'll tell 'em! They'll be mad, but land-sakes-a-me, they'll git along all right (*pins paper to the wall*). Now, if I hurry I can git off 'fore the children git back, an' I'll have time to catch the afternoon stage. I'll see Uncle Ezry's folks an' go to the dance, an' see Jerry an' land-sakes-a-me, that'll be somethin' like Thanksgivin'! (*hurries out*).

CURTAIN

PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

*Scene II.—As before*

*Enter Mary, Ida, Peter and Edward*

EDWARD—Well, mother's gone and I spose it's up to us to get along the best we can without her, but the outlook isn't very bright.

MARY—Oh, it won't be so bad! Jane will do pretty well by us.

PETER—Thank goodness we have the two pun'kin pies to look forward to. I can get away with one of them all right (*laughs*).

IDA (*pointing finger*)—Peter, Peter, pun'kin eater, had a pie an' couldn't keep 'er!

EDWARD (*sees note on wall*)—Say, what's this? Well—good NIGHT! (*All crowd around it*). Isn't that the limit?

MARY—W'y, it's from Jane an' she's—GONE!

IDA—Gone home for Thanksgiving!

PETER—Well, the mean slacker, the ol' piker—the—the—

EDWARD—A nice Thanksgiving we'll have! (*whistles "Home, Sweet Home"*).

IDA—This is the LIMIT! (*girls sit, boys stand dejectedly leaning against furniture, all the picture of despair*). That HORRID Jane.

PETER—We've still got the two pun'kin pies to cheer us.

EDWARD—Be still! A big Thanksgiving dinner they'll make.



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MARY—I feel like a graveyard. Let's go over an' see Mrs. Bates. She'll cheer us up some an' tell us what to do.

IDA—Yes, let's go over there (*all exeunt, and are heard talking off stage, voices growing fainter. There is a pause before the tramps knock. The knocks are repeated, each time louder*).

*Enter tramps, verry cautiously*

WEARY—Don't seem to be like they's anybody to home.

HANK—No, I guess you've guessed it right, Weary (*they look about verry cautiously*). Where you suppose ev'rybody's gone? Seems like they'd oughter be home gittin' ready fer Thanksgivin'. Gee, this makes me feel like restin' (*sits in rocking chair*).

WEARY—I'm too hungry to rest. You set there an' I'll peek around an' see if there's any grub on the ranch. Keep yer eyes open, now, fer if somebody walked in they might not jes' understand what we was doin' here.

HANK—We could tell 'em we had come to spend Thanksgivin' with 'em.

WEARY—Wal, say, ol' timer, we don't look jes' perzactly like we was comp'ny.

HANK—What? Don't you like the looks o' this new suit I got on? (*shows off old clothes*). Newest style from ol' New York.

WEARY—Say, tell that to the ladies. Wal, here's me fer the grub box (*exit cautiously. Hank leans head back, shuts eyes, begins to snore*).

*Enter Weary with pumpkin pie*

## PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

WEARY—Oh, boy, oh joy! Where do we go from here? Wake up, Hank, an' turn your eyes loose on what I got here (*Hank wakes*).

HANK—Oh, yum-yum, dat reminds me of de pies my mother used to make. What's the matter with us havin' a reg'lar Thanksgiving feast?

WEARY—Come on—they's another one out here for you. We'll take 'em an' make a getaway while the goin's good. We'll git caught if we don't mozy 'long.

HANK (*rising*)—Wal, we's sure got somethin' to be thankful for. Lead me to the mate o' that golden beauty yer holdin' an' it's all I ask (*he follows Weary off. There is a pause, then the children are heard off stage, one of the boys whistling "We won't Go Home till Morning"*).

*Enter Mary, Ida, Peter and Edward*

EDWARD—Well, here are the Thanksgiving orphans back home again, cheerful as caged bears an' twice as hungry.

MARY—Come on, Ida, we'll get some supper. You set the table while I fry the potatoes. We can't starve just because Jane ran off. (*She goes off. A minute later she screams loudly*).

*Enter Mary (runs on waving hands)*

PETER (*jumping up*)—What's the matter?

MARY—Oh, oh, oh, OH!

EDWARD—What's wrong? Tell us.

PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

MARY—Oh, they're gone—they're gone!

IDA—What is gone? Mother and Jane?

MARY—No, no,—the pun'kin pies. Somebody's took 'em (*Edward runs off*).

IDA—Oh, they're not gone! Who would take 'em?

*Enter Edward*

EDWARD—They're gone all right—somebody's been in the house. It shows where they've been hunting 'round. I bet it was tramps. We forgot to lock the doors when we went off.

PETER—Oh, are the pun'kin pies gone? We won't have anything to eat an' nothing to be thankful for. I ask you, hungry people, with tear-drops in my eye, what is a Thanksgiving dinner without a pun'kin pie? (*wipes eyes*).

MARY—Don't be foolish, Peter. It's awful to have somebody steal our pies.

IDA—Ma's gone, Jane's gone, the pies are gone. What are we going to do? (*Peter hurries from stage*).

*Enter Jack (carrying a pumpkin pie)*

JACK—Hello, folks. I knocked but you were making so much noise you didn't hear me, so I walked in. My mother heard 'bout your mother having to go off an' so she sent you over this pun'kin pie for dinner tomorrow. She said maybe your mother didn't have time to bake any an' this might come in handy. She said maybe it aint quite so good as your mother makes but she guessed you could get away with it.

PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

MARY—(*unwraps pie and holds it up*)—Oh, isn't this nice? We surely thank you for it, Jack, an' we need it 'cause somebody stole both of ours.

JACK—What? Stole your pun'kin pies?

EDWARD—Yes, two of them, while we were gone this afternoon. I'll bet it was tramps. (*Mary sets the pie on a chair while she smooths and folds the cloth that was over it. Then she lays the cloth on top of pie.*)

*Enter Peter with an old gun*

JACK—Hold on, hold on, don't shoot. (*He pretends to be very scared, backs up quickly, bumps against the chair, loses balance and sits down hard in the pumpkin pie. The girls scream.*)

IDA—Oh, just see what you've done! The lovely pie!

MARY (*holding up smashed pie*)—I guess you can take this home, Jack, an' tell your mother we don't care for it (*all laugh*).

JACK—Well, you boob, what you got that gun for anyway?

PETER—I want to shoot the fellows that stole our pies.

JACK—Huh, that ol' thing wouldn't kill a potato bug. I bet it aint been shot off in five years.

PETER—I've a good notion to try it on you for spoiling that dandy pie (*he puts gun down and takes pie from Mary, gazing at it and pretending to cry*).

PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

JACK—Poor Peter pun'kin eater, he's got a pie but he can't eat 'er; Peter, Peter pun'kin eater, he cries 'cause his pie don't look no neater (*all laugh but Peter who wails out loud*).

IDA—If we knew who took our pies we'd give 'em this one too.

PETER—Yes, they're welcome to it—I don't care 'bout pun'kin pies any more.

JACK—Well, honest to goodnenss, I'm awful sorry I spoiled the pie. I'll go home an' see if ma won't gimme another one to bring over. You've got to have something to eat tomorrow or you can't be thankful. Peter pun'kin eater couldn't keep his wife, but this Peter can't keep his pie. Well, so long, I'll see what luck I have an' you'll hear from me later (*exit*).

EDWARD—Now let me suggest that you girls get us something to eat. I'm most starved. (*A knock is heard. Ida goes over and admits Uncle Sim*).

*Enter Uncle Sim (carries a basket)*

UNCLE S.—Hello, hello. How's the orphans? We heard your mother had to go off for a trip an' Mis' Bates was tellin' us that Jane has skipped too. Pretty tough luck, eh? (*laughs*). So mother couldn't rest till she sent me over with a little somethin' for your Thanksgivin' dinner tomorrow. "I guess those poor children has to have somethin' to eat so's they can be thankful," mother said; so here I be an' here it is (*hands basket to Mary*). I guess you can manage

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to eat it 'cause my wife's as good a cook as there is in the county, accordin' to my idee, an' I ought to know seein' as how I've been livin' on 'er cookin' for a good many years.

EDWARD (*with hand on stomach*)—Oh, Uncle Sim, you've sure saved us from despair an' starvation. Mother left us two pun'kin pies an' Jane was to get the rest of our dinner, but she skipped, then some one stole our pies.

UNCLE SIM—Stole your pies? Wal, I snum! Say, there was two tramps goin' 'long the country today—I'll bet they lifted 'em.

EDWARD—Then a good fairy sent us a pie an' Jack sat down on it (*Peter comes over with the pie and shows it to Uncle Sim*).

UNCLE SIM (*laughing heartily*)—Wal, I snum—you sure are havin' hard luck. But cheer up—you've got somethin' good in the basket I brought (*shakes finger*). An' don't you let nobody steal it or we won't give you any more. Now I mus' go—got to pail the cows.

EDWARD—Thank you very much for your kindness (*exit Uncle S*).

IDA—What's in the basket? (*They stand around and examine it*). Oh, how good it looks!

PETER—Yum-yum, a pun'kin pie! Now right here is where I have a piece. If I wait till tomorrow maybe something will happen to it (*he gets a knife and cuts a piece of pie and begins to eat it*).

PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

MARY—I'm going to have some, too (*each one cuts a piece and eats it. They make remarks about how good it is*).

IDA—Oh, dear, there isn't enough left for our Thanksgiving dinner.

PETER—Never mind tomorrow. I'm giving thanks right now, for this.

*Enter Mrs. Bates (with a basket)*

MRS. BATES—Where are you all? It's so still I thought no one was here. Well, no wonder you're still—all filling up on pun'kin pie.

MARY—We have to eat it quick 'fore something happens to it.

EDWARD—Some one stole the pies mother baked us, then Jack sat down on that one (*shows pie*) so we're eating this to save it.

MRS. BATES (*laughing*)—I've heard 'bout squash pies but this one is sure squashed. Well, I do think you are having hard luck. That was a mean thing for Jane to skip off, but she was so homesick she didn't care whether school kept or not. Never mind, you'll get along all right. I've brought you something for your dinner tomorrow an' while I may not be as good a cook as your mother I'll wager this won't make you sick—'less you eat too much of it (*she sets basket on table*).

MARY—Oh, we do thank you.

EDWARD—We'll surely have something to be thankful for tomorrow.

## PUMPKIN PIE PETER.

PETER—That is, we can be thankful if you have brought us a pun'kin pie—this one is most gone.

MRS. BATES (*laughing*)—You're a reg'lar pun'kin pie eater, aint you, Peter? Well, you'll find a pun'kin pie in my basket but I want you to save it for your dinner to-morrow. Now I must go home an' wash the dishes. I've been keepin' house a good many years an' my dishes aint never washed themselves yet. Good-by.

IDA—Thank you for helping us to be thankful on Thanksgiving day (*exit Mrs. Bates*).

EDWARD—Tomorrow won't be so bad. We'll have enough to eat an' we can pop corn an' make some candy. (*Peter takes the pie from Mrs. Bates' basket and holds it out in front of him.*)

PETER—Thanksgiving day brings joy to a fellow if he can have plenty of pun'kin pie yellow.

MARY—Pun'kin pie Peter, he don't need to cry 'cause he's got a nice big pun'kin pie (*they form in line back of Peter who holds pie raised and all march around the room in a circle*).

All chant as they march:

Ma's gone an' Jane's gone, but we shall not sigh;  
Hurrah for Thanksgiving and a nice fat pun'kin pie.

(*exeunt*).

CURTAIN







## PLAYS, MONOLOGS, Etc.

**AS OUR WASHWOMAN SEES IT.** (Edna I. MacKenzie.) Time, 10 minutes. Nora is seen at the washboard at the home of Mrs. McNeal, where, amidst her work, she engages in a line of gossip concerning her patrons, that will make a hit with any audience. 25 cents.

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# CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

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